

Frank Berkeley Smith	"Cocher, drive to the rue Falguière"this in my best restaurant French. The man with the varnished hat shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows in doubt. He evidently had never heard of the rue Falguière. "Yes, rue Falguière, the old rue des Fourneaux," I continued. Cabby's face broke out into a smile. "Ah, oui, oui, le Quartier Latin." And it was at the end of this crooked street, through a lane that led into a half court flanked by a row of studio buildings, and up one pair of dingy waxed steps, that I found a door bearing the name of the author of the following pageshis visiting card impaled on a tack. He was in his shirt-sleevesthe thermometer stood at 90° outside working at his desk, surrounded by half-finished sketches and manuscript. The man himself I had met beforeI had known him for years, in factbut the surroundings were new to me. So too were his methods of work.	The Real Latin Quarter
Latin Quarter	If then the pages which here follow have in them any of the true inwardness of the life they are meant to portray, it is due, I feel sure, as much to the attitude of the author toward his subject, as much to his ability to seize, retain, and express these instantaneous impressions, these flash pictures caught on the spot, as to any other merit which they may possess. Nothing can be made really _real_ without it. F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Paris, August, 1901. Description from catalog	r Frank Berkeley
The Real	Read by Bill Boerst Total running time: 2:27:33 This recording is in the public domain and may be reproduced, distributed, or modified without permission. For more information or to volunteer, visit <b>librivox.org</b> . Cover picture based on book cover. Copyright expired in U.S., Canada, EU. and all countries with author's life +70 yrs laws. Cover design by Annise. This design is in the public domain.	Smith